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"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Puck

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THE HONEST BARTENDER'S BRACER.

"QUIT NOTHIN'! WHY, A LITTLE MORE OF THE SAME'LL MAKE YOU FEEL O.K."



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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

NOT THE least important lesson that the past few months have taught is the ugly truth that hereafter, in Presidential campaigns, small weight is to be attached to the pre-election pledges of a candidate. That has been shown by the failure of the Republican majority in Congress to make good President Taft's tariff pledges of last fall. It may be said by some that Mr. Taft spoke solely for himself when he advocated downward revision, but the people who read or listen to campaign speeches regard the candidate as the mouthpiece of his party, and not as an unattached, irresponsible spouter.

THE panicky condition of the Southern senatorial mind was strikingly illustrated by the remarks of several Southern senators. A number of these Solons of the South defended their undemocratic attitude toward the Tariff by saying that the last Democratic platform was "dictated" by William J. Bryan, and hence they did not hesitate to "repudiate" it. If these in-bad gentlemen could come down to earth for a minute or two, and think rationally, they might recall that tariff reform as a Democratic party doctrine antedates Bryan by a good many years, and that, as an excuse for turning it down, the claim that it was to show their righteous disapproval of Bryan is n't worth the wind it took to say it. Bryan did n't "dictate" tariff reform into Cleveland's platform in 1884, if we recollect aright; nor did he in 1888; nor in 1892. It won't do, gentlemen. Tariff reform is not a Bryan "fallacy."

STEFANSSON, the explorer, writing home from Point Barrow, Alaska, states that among the Eskimos the "habits and diseases of civilization are everywhere evident; unhealthy people crowded into unventilated and uncomfortable houses, a complete contrast to what it was twenty years ago." Civilization, it seems, is now doing for the Eskimo what it has so thoroughly and completely done for and to the Indian. In a short time, doubtless, somebody will say that the only good Eskimo is a dead Eskimo.

"HOT WAVE Sizzles Over City;" "Second Awful Night," "Weather Man Devoid of Pity;" "No Relief in Sight;" "Sun a Veritable Scorch;" "Thousands Agonize;" "East Side Tenements in Torture;" "Children Die Like Flies." Does the Scarehead vary? Never! 'T will be thus again all next summer and forever evermore. Amen.

WHY do we continue to call them United States Senators? Very few of them are. There are Wall Street senators, Steel Trust senators, Packer senators, Lumber-graft senators, Beet-Sugar senators, but the number of United States Senators, serving the best interests of the people of these United States, is smaller even than we thought it was.

EVERYBODY is growing disgustingly sensible. Nowadays a man may be a Presbyterian preacher without believing literally in the Adam and Eve story, or Jonah and the Whale, or even Native Sinfulness. As for Infant Damnation, that went by the board long ago. Alas, the world is becoming increasingly hard for the comic paragrapher.

IN REGARD to the manipulation of securities, Governor Hughes's Wall Street Commission condemned only that which is designed to deceive the public. If it is n't too much trouble, will the Commission please tell us how many other kinds of manipulation there are? Also, what is the object of stock manipulation if it is not to deceive the public?

NOW THAT Canada is going to have a navy of her own, the citizens of the Dominion can have great fun sitting up nights and talking about a German invasion.

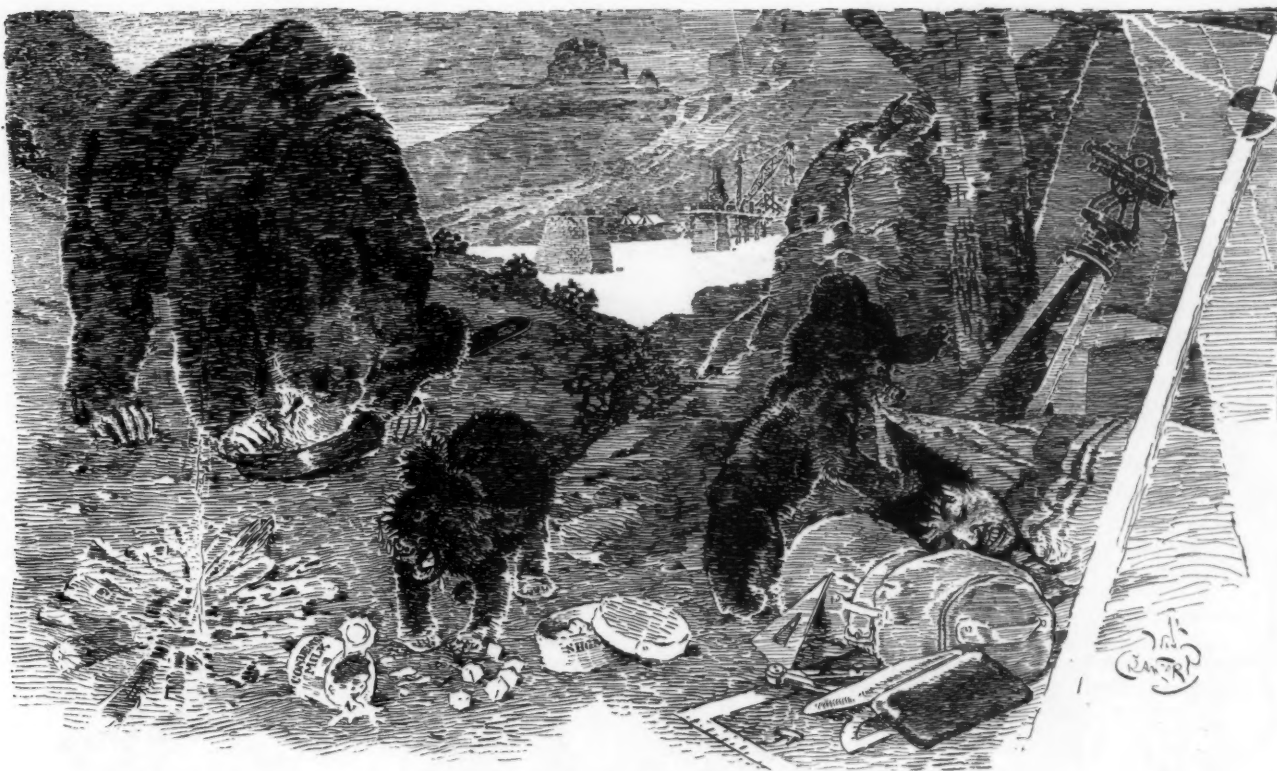
CHEERY, optimistic Charlie Schwab does n't think Morse the Ice King did anything wrong, and hopes that the financier will get his millions back again. Good for you, Charlie; it's men like you and Morse that have made America what she is to-day. No, that last is n't altogether a compliment.



CONVERTING THE HEATHEN.

IT'S A SHAME THE WAY THESE INNOCENT YOUNG MISSIONARIES ARE DECEIVED.

PUCK



ONE WEEK AFTER GRADUATION.

"AW, LEMME ALONE, BILL. I'M GOING TO CUT CHAPEL THIS MORNING."

BALLADE OF DESERTION.



BACK to the closed-up house at night
I wend my way, from labor free; —
The windows, boarded firm and tight,
In utter blankness stare at me! —
Departed is the family.
Yet, of the many things I lack,
Missed most of all *these* seem to be —
Those gowns that button up the back!

Strange tho' the notion, silly quite,
Gowns of high and of low degree —
These were the victims of scorn and spite,
Butts of the winter's brutality! —
"Can't you hold still for a second?" — "Gee! —"
"Hire a maid — I can't get the knack!" —
Now I could treat them with sympathy —
Those gowns that button up the back!

Now could I struggle with mien contrite,
Strong in a husband's kind courtesy,
Bravely toiling to get them right —
Horrible buttons! — one — two — three! —
Seven — nine — ten! — almost done, you see —
Wait! — I've skipped — we are off the track! —
(Queer how they surge through my memory —
Those gowns that button up the back!)

L'ENVOI.

Wife, remit me my penalty,
Call the porter your trunks to pack —
Say you are coming! — and bring to me
Those gowns that button up the back!

Arthur Judd Ryan.

SURE FOR ONCE.

VAN ANTLE.—I think we are sure of a good dinner to-night.
You know my new English butler does the entire catering for
the household.

GRUBB.—Can you rely on him to —?

VAN ANTLE.—Not always, but this evening I requested him
to send us up something from the kitchen table.



A TRIUMPH of science is the discovery of the
cure for a disease which people imagine they have.

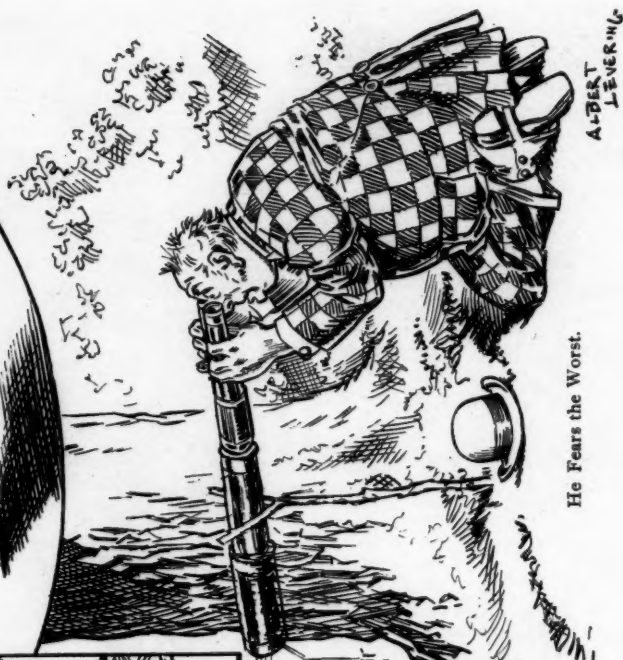
THE UNWRITTEN LAW.*

*Father's.

Only he is lord of riches who despises them, and he is so whether he has
any or not.

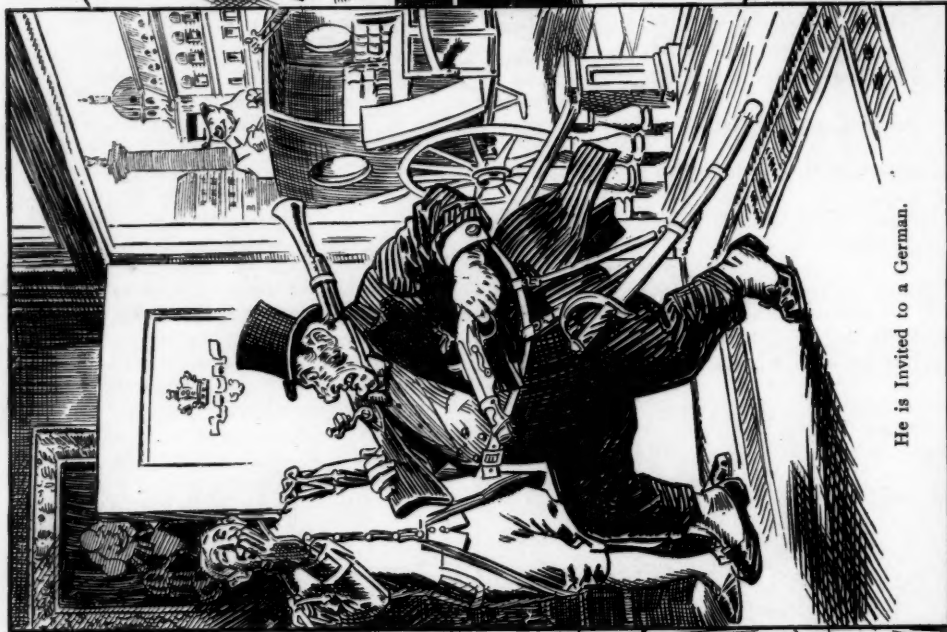


He Is Sure They Are Spies.



He Fears the Worst.

ALBERT LEVERING



He is Invited to a German.



A Sudden Shock.



The German Invasion.

ACUTE GERMANITIS.

THE LATEST EPIDEMIC AMONG LOYAL BRITISHERS.



WE'VE seen the muck-rake story fall,
And socialistic fiction frayed;
The novel dubbed "historical"
Is now an old decrepit jade;
The books which yellowly betrayed
What sins the poor "400" buy
Sleep fast as any limbo shade; —
When will the bronco story die?

The yarn in slang has ceased to maul
The tongue, and dialect's decayed.
Three weeks ago we shook the thrall
Of tales that call a spade a spade;
But oh, the cowboy and the maid!
With "shootin'-iron," sure and spry,
Are with us still in every grade; —
When will the bronco story die?



One should be grateful without gall
That cracksman heroes have n't stayed;
Detective puzzles 'gin to pall,
And auto yarns their hands have played;
But still Slim Jones, Sombrero Sade,
And Hot-shot Dave of evil eye
Through magazinian troubles wade: —
When will the bronco story die?

L'ENVOI.

Prince, or Sir Henry Marmalade,
Incog. in leather "pants," I cry
Prithce vamoze — er — pronto fade!
When will the bronco story die?

Chester Firkins.

THE WILES OF WOMEN.

BEWAR'!" ominously said good old Parson Bagster, addressing the saddle-hued young theological student. "Bewar' o' de wiles o' women! — an' ee-specially widdah women! All th'oo life de pafway of de preacher am besot by designin' women in sheep's clothin', seekin' whom dey mought devour. I muhse'f was de humble inst'ument in one o' de most diabolical plots ever hatched to kotch a man; an' if it had n't uh-been for de blessed fac' dat de Lawd was wid me I'd sho' have been trapped!

"Dar was a lady — goöd-look-in' yallah widdah — dat indooed me, in muh 'sophisticated innocence, to hol' her han' now an' ag'in, an' guggled like a jug wid bashfulness every time. An' she softly whispuhed in muh yeah dat her husband had died of dat ar intellectual disease, info'mation on de brain, leavin' her mighty nigh three hundred dollars on deposit, an' all alone in de col' world 'cept for one brudder eight feet tall. But uh-well, sah, I was tuk sick on muh way home, 'count of a cullud man dat was fatigued 'bout de afo'said widdah kotchin' me an' hommerin' me wid-out mussy, — Lawd's wuk, sah, dough I did n't organize it at de time — ontwell I

was fast in muh bed for two weeks. When I was able to crope out into de sunshine ag'in I learned dat it was n't brains dat had killed her husband, but a gropin' pain in his abandon dat twisted him out'n his mawtal quile; an' de money he left on deposit was what de cou'ts had c'lected out'n him fum time to time in fines; and de brudder eight feet tall, dat a enterprisin' pusson could a made his fawchin out'n in de op'ry business, was two half-bruders, bofe hunch-backs fou' feet high an' busted in deir financials at dat; an', 'sides, de cullud man dat gimme de beatin' had done mar'd de widdah next day atter his frolic wid me.

"I allus blesses de Lawd an' de tudder gen'leman for lookin' out for me when I was too innocent to take keer o' muhse'f. Bewar' o' de wiles o' women!" Tom P. Morgan.



THE MAINSPRING.

EDITOR COMIC SUPPLEMENT. — Your drawings are pretty fair, but they lack humor. Out of ten different pictures, the word *oof* occurs but three times!

FASHIONABLE GARB.

MRS. CRAWFORD. — So his wife is extravagant in dress?

MRS. CRABSHAW. — Very. Just now she's getting a coat of tan at a hundred-dollar-a-week seaside resort.

DEFERRED.

THE PESSIMIST. — We'll pay for all this fine weather later on.

THE OPTIMIST. — Well, cheer up! That's the regular time for paying for things, isn't it?

The man who claims he was driven to drink needs no chauffeur.

PUCK

THE BOOK HABIT; OR, TEN NIGHTS IN A SECOND-HAND STORE. *A True and Elevating Tale with a Strong Moral.*

PART I.

AS MRS. ADAMS opened the door to admit her husband her face fell.

"John," she said, "you know you promised me last Tuesday that you would never again buy books to excess, and only last night you said to Mr. Smythe on his pastoral visit that you were perfectly able to buy a book or leave it alone, and that one book after each meal was all you required."

The man stared at the walls of the miserable apartment, crowded with books of all sizes and colors.

"Well, suppose I did."

"So you ask that?" demanded Mrs. Adams, indignantly.

"Do you think I don't know where you've been when you come home at night with your eyes shining, and smelling like an early edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica? You've been at McNally's Second-hand Book Store, and not content with looking at his vile wares, you have brought some of them home with you."

At these words Mrs. Adams pushed her husband aside, revealing a corded pile of books which he had just rested on the floor.

"Fie, for shame, John Adams, to say you are living up to your promises when this is the result. We have one edition of Pepys's Diary already, and this Gibbon's Rome also, and for that matter we have not room for another book in the house. And why should you spend our little all on the Story of the Mont Pelée Eruption, or the White House Cook-book, or Lucretius in Literal Translation? Yesterday you carried off our best carpet, saying you were taking it to the cleaner's. Where is it to-day?"

John Adams was silent.

"You need not try to explain—

I know! You have pawned it—pawned it to gratify your thirst for books."

"Well," said John Adams, "I'm no worse than other men. Give me some money—curse you—that's what I want now—give me some money!"

"There's no money in the house except eighteen dollars and fifty-three cents which little Trudie has been saving up for an automobile."

"Then give me that," said the man, with a hoarse laugh, as he shook the coins from Trudie's metal elephant. "I'll buy her a book about automobiles—that's good enough for her."

As John Adams left the house Mrs. Adams flung herself upon the lounge weeping bitterly.

She little knew that Trudie would reclaim her father, as we shall see she did in the next chapter.

PART II.

It was half-past nine P. M. in James McNally's Book-store.

From every counter of the place came a murmur as of subdued merriment, for it was part of Mr. McNally's scheme to delude his wretched victims into thinking that they were enjoying themselves in the vile place. At one side

stood John Adams with the old book lust glowing in his eyes. He was oblivious to all else.

"Well, boys," said McNally, with affected heartiness, as he appeared carrying a bundle of pamphlets. "Remember the house is standing for this. Who else wants a catalogue?"

Like thirsty swallows around a pool, the unhappy beings crowded about the bookseller until every copy had been given away.

"Hello!" he said, his face lighting up at the sight of John. "Have you seen our latest items? We have a series of The Most Wonderful Short Stories that is immense, and a History of the Crusades!"

John Adams stretched out his hands for both articles.

"You like 'em, hey? Well, how about the Biography of Rosetti, and this here account of the Indian tribes of South-west Canada?"

"Yes, yes," assented John Adams, "I'll take them all!"

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and little Trudie Adams, a shawl over her thin dress, appeared.

"Father," she said, "you must come back home. I'm sure you won't want any more books now."

Mr. Adams looked about him bewilderedly, and saw the child. He moved toward the door.

"Wrap up these sets. I'll have to go."

But McNally was not so easily to be deprived of his prey.

"How can you go yet?" he said.

"You haven't looked at this big bargain in the History of the United States, or this Appreciation of Early Italian Art. See! It was published at seven dollars and now is sold for three dollars and eighty-five cents."

Again the book lust returned to the eyes of John Adams.

"Yes," he said, "yes, I must look at that, to be sure."

Once more Trudie held him by the sleeve.

"Father," she said,

"why will you not come home with me, and leave these books alone so that we can all be happy as we used to be long ago? Mother does nothing but cry all day long, and I can't play with the other little girls because they say you have the book-habit!"



EVEN THEN.

ASSYRIAN DRUMMER.—How's business?

ANCIENT SHEPHERD.—Bum! The cost of living has doubled in the last century. Only this morning it cost me two thousand he-goats for a cask of Chian. I tell you, if they don't get this tariff revised pretty quick, or make wives legal tender, the country is going to be bankrupt.

OFF THE JOB.



HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—What? You don't notice any echo? Let me try—HELLO! Why, that's odd. What can be the matter? We pride ourselves on our echo here.



WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH THE ECHO.

From one man's point of view another man may be all right in his way, provided he isn't in the way of the first man.



THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.

It might have touched a harder heart than that of John Adams, but McNally was ready with his insidious proposals.

"Come, little girl," he said, "don't you think it's too late for you to be out? If you will run home, I'll give you this nice colored Mother Goose!"

The noble child drew back as if from poison.

"No," she said; "I will never touch anything like that as long as I live! I would not come into your bookstore if I did not have to speak to my father, for I have taken a pledge never to handle, buy, or accept books as a recreation. You are a wicked man to be in this business, and I hate you!"

Although many knew that McNally was fully as criminal as little Trudie Adams had just pointed out, previous to this no one had had the courage to say so to his face.

"Curse the child!" he said. "She has no business here!"

"I will not go without my father!" replied Trudie, stoutly. And then: "Dear father, why do you persist in visiting these evil places where temptations are on all sides? Do you not remember how happy we all were when we had nothing in the house but a dictionary and an almanac?"

John Adams bowed his head silently while the tears streamed down his face.

"Come!" said McNally, "we've had enough of this. Someone take this child out!"

John Adams became a man once more.

"No!" he said. "They shall not, except over my dead body!" And as McNally approached him, he seized the edition of the History of the United States in eight volumes and threw it at the bookseller, killing him on the spot.

"I will not arrest you," said the policeman who happened in, "for I understand what it means to get the habit. I will only say that you should remember everyone has a right to live, even a bookseller. You may say to yourself that you didn't feel it was wrong to kill a bookseller, but suppose everyone should do this, think what would happen! You may go to your home now, provided you sign a pledge never to buy another book over the counter."

PART III.

That was many years ago. If to-day you should visit John Adams's splendid home in the wealthiest section of the city, and ask him how he came to make his success, he would say: "I began to succeed on that night when I took the pledge never under any pretext to enter a book-store again."

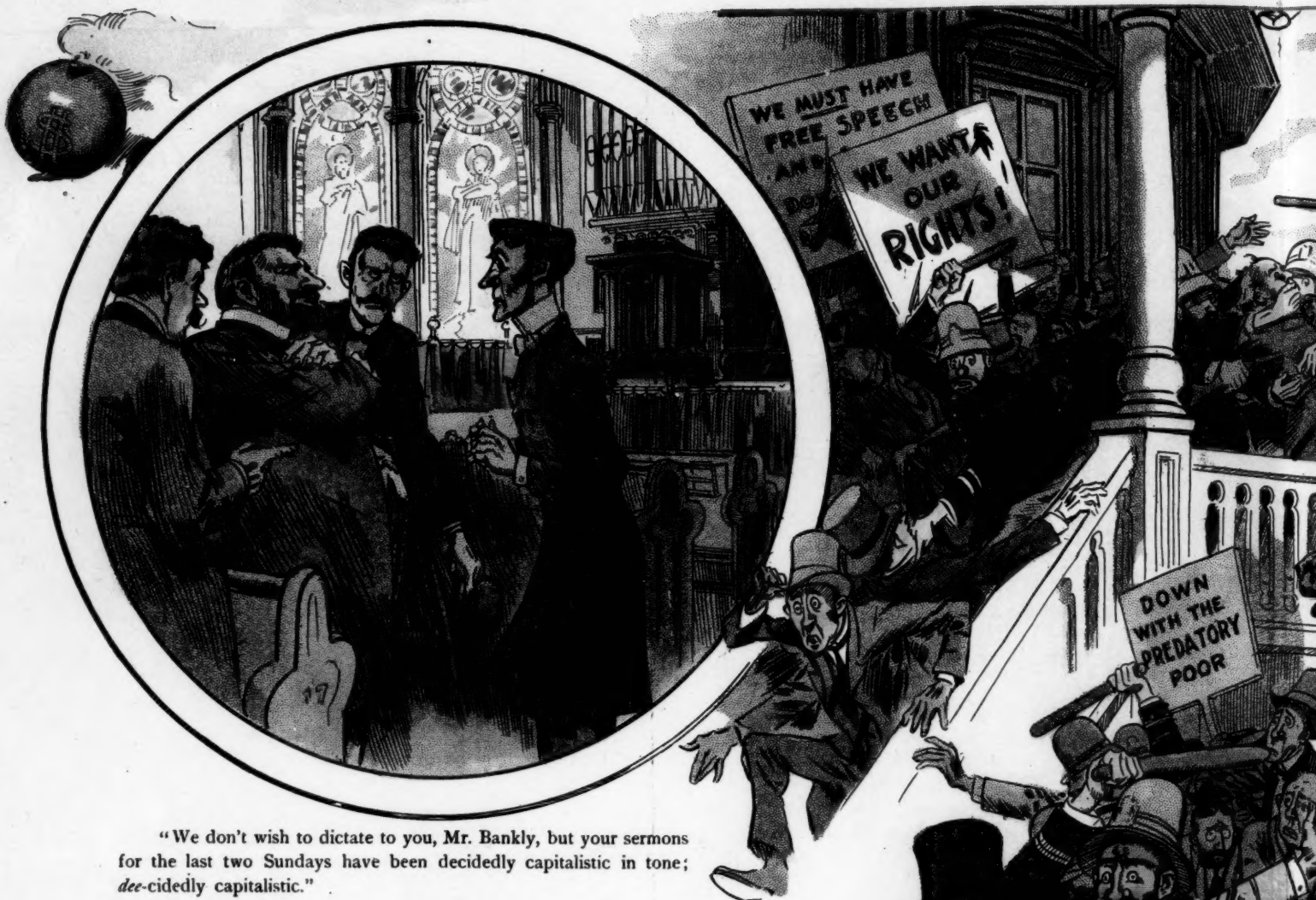
Horatio Winslow.



SPRUCED UP.

MRS. LION.—Well, of all the mane guys! Was the barber crazy or were you?

MR. LION (*apologetically*).—You see, my dear, I may get within range of some camera-hunter any day now, and I want to appear half-civilized at least.



"We don't wish to dictate to you, Mr. Bankly, but your sermons for the last two Sundays have been decidedly capitalistic in tone; dee-cidedly capitalistic."



ELECTION NIGHT AT THE CAPITALIST HEADQUARTERS.
"Well, anyhow Aldrich made good: I carried Rhode Island."

POLICE BREAKING UP A CAPITALIST DEMONSTRATION IN UNION SQUARE.



IN A FIFTH AVENUE DIVE.

"Capitalists of the world unite, and under the gold banner we will march
once more to freedom, and valets, and country houses, and private yachts!"



HARRY
GRANT
DART

"Gott im Himmel! My Heinie a Parlor Capitalist!!!"

PUCK



THAT WARM



SOUTHERN TEMPERAMENT:



ALL THE MAN

MORE OR LESS RIGHT.

IN A recent address to medical students, Senator Depew said that "the party with the greatest majority is more right than the minority party."

That sounds almost as incontestable as an axiom in geometry. The corollary is that the minority party is more wrong than the party with the greatest majority. So,



WANTED WAS



A LIGHT.

THE PRICE.

KNOW (because I'm often told
By those who ought to know, I guess,
That far above uncounted gold
Is human life and happiness.

Yet (always "yet")—but (always "but")—
A world of woe must ever be;
To hosts the door of joy is shut,—
And who, I wonder, keeps the key?

Their myriads our railroads kill,
But men must take what Fortune sends;
To make things safe, or pay the bill,
Would play the deuce with dividends

A propless mine-roof broke and fell
And hundreds died — God's will be done!
If galleries were timbered well
Our coal would cost us more per ton.

'T will never do to check the trade
In crackers, bombs, and powder-toys,
For think of those whose means are made
By peddling Death to little boys!

Yes, Wealth will have her toll of men,
And Wealth is scarce to be despised;
But I confess that now and then
I wish we were not civilized!

Arthur Guiterman.

LEISURE.

EXCEPT IN certain remote provinces of the South, and in those of our island possessions where the Latin superstition still prevails, and an ignorant populace believe enough is as good as too much, leisure has virtually gone out; to the effect that the man who finds himself with time to chew his food is forthwith oppressed by an uneasy sense of being out of the current of affairs, the woman who is n't driven to death feels her position in society endangered, while the child who can sit down and keep still sinks under the reproach of being mentally defective.

Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, but it is n't broad enough for the traffic, and unless airships come on pretty fast there will be a serious congestion.

Ramsey Benson.

SINE QUA NON.

"YOU LET your maid go?"

"Yes; she was so near-sighted!"

"Near-sighted?"

"Oh, dreadfully! So much so that she insisted on stationary lenses in all the important keyholes, and we decided we could n't afford that."

LEARNED IN THE LAW.

EXAMINER.—What is an alibi?

CANDIDATE FOR THE BAR.—An alibi is committing a crime in one place when you are in another place. If you can be in two other places, the alibi is all the stronger in law.

when we sit up election nights to see which party succeeded in buying the most votes, we discover by that wrong what is right. Thus, party lines are coincident with ethical distinctions. All the most-right people are in the party with the greatest majority. The not-so-right people are in the party with the greatest minority. The very-wrong people are in the smaller parties. This, as noted above, is axiomatic.

But these distinctions are subject to change without notice. For instance, prior to the election of 1892 Senator Depew was more-right. After Cleveland was elected, he was not-so-right. Then he became more-right again.

To multiply words is unnecessary, and might seem like unto invidious emulation.

Ellis O. Jones.

A NEW SPECIES.

HOUSEWIFE.—Why don't you go to work?

TRAMP.—I'm an honest man, mum, an' I can't find any business that isn't full of graft.

PUT TO NEW USE.

CRAWFORD.—So your wife does n't make mince pies any more?

CRABSHAW.—No. She uses all the odds and ends around the house as trimmings for her hat.



IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND.

LADY FROM MARKEN.—These shoes hurt my feet.

SHOE CLERK.—Ach, fair one, I will bring you our new soft pine Oxfords.

Where a man cleans up so many millions all at once, it is perhaps only natural that he shouldn't get them very clean.

THE BISHOP'S APPETITE.

Now, look here, Mordecái!" severely began 'Squire Peavy, addressing an especially unpromising specimen *Africanus Scallawagibus*, who had been haled to the bar of Justice, "you are getting to be an altogether too-familiar figure in this court!"

"Yassah, it do 'peah like I's become sawtuh similar yuh of late," returned Brother Hasp, ransacking his mind for a promising palliative. "Gittin' to be a prom'nunt citizen, dese days, an' dat's a fac'!—uh-yaw! haw! haw! 'Bleeged to yo', sah, foh de comp'imint. Man dat 'sociates 'round in public, dis-uh-way, is bound to become pop'lar, an'—"

"Come! come! You stole the chickens, as charged, of course?"

"Yassah—cou'se I did! 'Knowledges de cawn, 'specially as de Cuhnel found muh hat in de hen-pen an' organized me by it. Everybody knows dat hat o' mine, an'—"

"Never mind! That is not the point."

"No, sah, 'tain't! De Bishop am de bone of extension dess at de present. Yo' knows de Bishop, sah—big, fat pusson wid side-whiskahs an' de appetite of a dragon? Um-ah!—dese bishops! Lawd made 'em an' den went over an' sot down in de shade, an' 'long come de devil an' outfitted 'em wid appetites. A bishop's appetite, sah, is like one o' dese yuh sponges—couple o' licks, an' it wipes out all de puhvisions on de table."

"You don't mean to say that the Bishop helped you to steal those hens, do you?"

"No, sah. He did n't he'p me; he driv me to it. Dis is how 'twuz: He

sent word yiste'day dat he would be wid us to-day, an' he's right dar now. To restrain yo' stan'in' in de church yo' has to feed de Bishop. Dar wasn't no meat in de house, an' so I dess nach'ly hatter hustle out last night, an'—"

"No meat! Well, you keep seven dogs

"Yassah!—but, uh-good-lawd-a-mighty, sah, yo' don't s'pose de Bishop would eat dem dogs, does yo'? Lemme go, sah! Lemme go twell I flies home to see 'bout dat! Won' yo' dess please?"

Tom P. Morgan.

DREW THE LINE.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—Did you manage to coax your doctor to recommend a trip to that mountain resort you wished to visit?



THE ELEPHANT (achieving a sneeze that has been coming to him).—Aw—wow—whr-r—chee—wuf—uff—uf-f-f-f!!

A COMPLETE ANSWER.



MR. CALLOWBY.—Now you girls, you know, wear gowns of such queer shades; such odd-sounding names, you know. Now what in the world is "Elephant's Breath," for exam—

MRS. CRABSHAW.—Yes; but I can't go, for I could n't get him to add that a few new dresses would do me a world of good.

MAGNETIC.

"I want a man with some experience as a public performer," explained the stout man.

"I think I'll do," said the applicant hopefully. "I'm the only man on our block who uses a lawn-mower in the evenings."

HEALTH.

KICKER.—I attended a Christian Science lecture last night. I tell you I wished I was one of them.

SNICKER.—Why?

KICKER.—So I could think I was n't bored.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

TOURS TO YELLOWSTONE PARK ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AND THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains lies one of nature's richest treasure-houses—the Yellowstone National Park. It is America's greatest show ground. To visit this Park is to see nature in a variety of rare and majestic moods.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, at Seattle this summer, will be one of the finest shows of its kind, reflecting the wonderful progress of that territory which was, but a few years since, a wilderness.

The Canadian Rockies, glorious in scenery, displaying new wonders in every mile as one penetrates the great canyons through which the railroad runs, combine the beauty of the Alps and the grandeur of the Himalayas.

On August 14 and September 4, personally-conducted tours through the Yellowstone Park; to Portland and Seattle, for a visit to the Exposition, and returning through the Canadian Rockies, will leave the East by special trains over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Five and one-half days will be spent in the Park, one day in Portland, two days in Seattle, one day on Puget Sound, going by steamer from Seattle to Vancouver, part of a day at Vancouver, one day at Laggan, one day at Banff, and sight-seeing trips will be made in St. Paul and Chicago. Each tour will cover a period of twenty-two days.

The rate, which will cover all necessary expenses except luncheons in Seattle, will be \$246 from New York, and proportionate rates from other points.

Persons desiring to utilize these exceptional opportunities to visit the Yellowstone Park and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, should apply for Pullman space early, as the parties will be limited. Address C. Studds, D. P. A., 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., or consult nearest Ticket Agent.



WHEN HE TAKES HIS FRUIT.

THE PATROLMAN'S WIFE.—Does your husband eat fruit in the morning?

THE ROUNDSMAN'S WIFE.—No; he's only on duty in the evening. —*Yonkers Statesman.*


OVER THE 'PHONE.

HOST (at his wife's reception).—Ah, my dear Mrs. Brown, are n't you coming? Everyone is expecting you. . . . Oh, never mind about your dress-maker and your gown. . . . It's not your clothes we want to see, it's you. —*Harvard Lampoon.*

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.
 She smuggled in a set of furs,
 She smuggled in a gown;
 And oh, what righteous wrath was hers
 The day they called her down.
 —Public Ledger.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE BACHELOR.—Is it true that you are an advocate of woman's rights?
THE SPINSTER.—Yes.
THE BACHELOR.—Then you believe that every woman should have a vote?
THE SPINSTER.—Oh, no; but I believe that every woman should have a voter.—*Chicago Daily News.*



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SAVED THE SITUATION.

She raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.
 "Do you believe that exercise, and lotions, and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.
 He pressed her blond curls back upon his chest.
 "They could n't improve the looks of some women," he said.
 "Whose?" she asked.
 "Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied thoughtlessly.
 "I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time, and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."
 "I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time, and thinking quickly, "that your looks could n't be improved, because they are perfect as they are, and hers could n't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."
 And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief, while he drew a deep breath.—*Tit-Bits.*



CINCH.

"Who's that I seen you with?"
 "That? That was my wife."
 "Oh, was that your wife? I thought it was a dawg."

(There's a starter for your act;
 Practice clogs and things to fill;
 Sing a song or two with tact,
 And go into vodelville.)

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
 Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
 getting the very best.

IMPOSSIBLE.

"But why don't you believe that I have a friend who is much more beautiful than I am?"
 "Because it is impossible that she should be your friend if she is really more beautiful than you."—*Comic Cuts.*

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GOOD IDEA.

BILL.—I see a good many of the apartment houses in New York have the kitchen on top.
JILL.—Yes; that is so the cook who uses benzine won't have so far to go.
 —*Yonkers Statesman.*

OUT TO-DAY!

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 It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals and wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 10 stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



WHAT'S IN A NAME.

A crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on those classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?"

The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE MEEK MAN RETORTS.

"Fountain pens," snapped the nagging wife, "remind me of some husbands."

"What is the resemblance?" ventured the meek little man.

"Expensive, can't be depended upon, won't work, and half the time they are broke."

"That's pretty rough, Martha, but you could n't compare a fountain pen with some women."

"I guess not."

"No; a fountain pen will dry up, and some wives won't."—*Chicago News*.



BRIEF JOY.

SUBURBANITE (*overjoyed*).—And you say you don't mind mosquitoes? That's fine! I—

NEW COOK.—Devil a bit do Oi moind thim! I get me wages raised on account av the little brats!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

GOING SOME.

"Yes, sir," said Braggard, "as soon as I see them birds I went into the house and took down the old blunderbuss and pegged at 'em, and, by Gorry! I brought down thutty birds to one shot. Can ye beat that?"

"Ya-as," drawled Si Peavy. "Ye know Bill Wiggins's frog pond?"

"Yes," said Braggard. "What of it?"

"Wa-al, I went down there the other night after sundown to shoot a couple o' bullfrogs with my old shotgun," said Si Peavy. "There was five thousand of 'em settin' on them there lily-pads, and I just lifted that there gun to my shoulder and let her go."

"S'pose ye did," said Braggard. "How does that affect my bird story?"

"Beats it all holler," retorted Si. "The minute my gun went off the hull durned five thousand bullfrogs croaked."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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dome shaped head, me-
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COMPLETE TROUSSEAU.

STELLA.—Have you got your going-away gown?

BELLA.—Yes, and a going-home-to-mother gown.—*The Sun*.

HE KNEW.

FIRST TRAVELER.—Where did you buy those cigars? In Paris?

SECOND TRAVELER.—No, indeed; in Cologne.

FIRST DITTO.—They don't smell like it!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

LOGICAL RESULT.

On the notice-board of a church near Manchester the other day the following announcements appeared together: A potato-pie supper will be held on Saturday evening.

Subject for Sunday evening: "A Night of Agony."—*Manchester Guardian*.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

"Your pa's coming down on Saturday. I wonder if that would be a good time to speak to him?"

"Yes. When ma tells him what she's spent down here he'll be glad to get rid of the lot of us!"—*Comic Cuts*.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

A Shaving Stick is known by the lather it makes. To be rich and soothing it must be made of Williams' materials in the Williams way.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

IN PULLMAN PARLANCE.

Two Pullman-car porters met outside the Grand Central Station after a night's run.

"Where's Ike Stevens, Bill? He has n't been on the job for two nights."

"No. He had a birth at his house."

"Girl or boy?"

"Twins."

"I don't call that a birth; I call that a section."—*The Telegraph.*

IN "GERMAN 4."

STUDENT (*angrily*).—Curses on this reading, anyhow.

INSTRUCTOR.—What's that?

STUDENT.—Merely the Damnation of Faust, sir.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

STOP FRETTING

fussing, fuming, fanning, and forget the heat
in a cool, refreshing High Ball made of



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

RICH IN TONE
MELLOW IN FLAVOR

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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER-MILWAUKEE

THE GRUMBLER.

"I see that the Pullman Company is going to make a difference in rates between the upper and lower berths."

"Yes, and I suppose the lower berth will be the higher-priced one."

"No doubt."

"So that the man who sleeps in the lower berth will have to pay something additional for the chance of getting his face stepped on by the man in the berth above."—*Exchange.*

STUMPED.

"Why, Puss, you people here don't know anything about fruit. Out in Oregon we raise apples as big as your head."

"Do you raise peaches as big as I am, Uncle Phil?"

"Why,—er,—ah——."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MEDICAL JOKE.

"Yes, Ann talks culture until one falls asleep."

"Sort of Ann æsthetic."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



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Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

A LADY AND NO GENTLEMAN.



"THIS the information bureau?... It is?... I thought so.... O, yes, I see the sign now. I didn't notice it at first. Well, can I find out about trains here?"

"You can. That is what the bureau is for."

"Yes, I suppose so.... Well, I want to know what time the train leaving here at nine gets to Buffalo?"

"At five this evening."

"It does?"

"It does, if it is on time."

"Is it usually on time?"

"It is."

"So often trains are *not* on time. The last time I went to Buffalo the train was five hours late getting in, and there was no diner on the train, and we couldn't get a thing to eat anywhere, and it was just *awful*. Are there chair-cars on the train?"

"Yes."

"How much are they?"

"Two dollars, madam."

"Two dollars? I thought they were only a dollar and a half. Seems to me a dollar and a half would be a good price for them. Would I have stop-over privileges on a through ticket?"

"You could if you wanted to stop at the regular stopping-places for this train. This is a fast express, and it does n't stop at many places."

"Does it stop at Hixonville?"

"No, it does not."

"It does n't? The last time I went the train stopped there."

"Must have been an accommodation train, then. Excuse me, but there are five or six people back of you waiting for information."

"I guess they can wait until I finish finding out what I want to know. I got here first. When is the next train to Buffalo?"

"One o'clock."

"And that would land me there away in the night?"

"Not so very late."

"Well, it would be later than I want to get there, for my relatives live away out on the outskirts of the city, and you have to take three lines of cars to get there. The street-car accommodations of Buffalo are awfully poor. It takes an hour and a half to get from my sister's house to the station, even if you don't lose any time waiting for cars, and half the time you have to wait. Then my sister has an invalid husband, and it would n't be convenient for

her to meet me after nightfall, and I would n't dare undertake to get out to her house alone, for I'm awfully timid about being out alone at night, even when I know where I am. Is there a dining-car on the first train?"

"There is."

"I never want to get caught out again on a train that has no diner. I should take a little lunch anyhow, for sometimes they drop off the diner. I know they did once when my husband and I were——"

"The gentleman behind you wants to ask a question, madam."

"Well, if he is *really* a gentleman I should think he might wait until a lady got through asking questions, seeing that she got to the window before he did. First come, first served, ought to be the rule. I want to ask if all trains going from here to Boston stop in Hartford?"

"They do."

"They do?"

"I said that they did."

"My sister went from here to Boston last summer, and she was sure that the Flyer on which she went did not stop in Hartford. I told her I was pretty sure that it did, but she—— Is it cheaper to go by boat than by train?"

"A little cheaper."

"It is?"

"A little cheaper."

"How much?"

"That would depend on several things—state-rooms, chair-cars, express trains, and so forth."

"Would one be apt to get seasick on the boat?"

"I think not."

"I get seasick so dreadfully easy. My husband says I get seasick in a bathtub, and I'm afraid I would n't dare risk it, especially if it was the least bit rough. Still, the new boats they have built in recent years are so much larger and steadier than the old boats one is not so apt to be seasick, and—— Well, I call that polite, sir, to deliberately shove a lady away from the window! If you call that the act of a gentleman your idea of a gentleman is very different from mine. I shall speak to one of the station officials about this, for—— There is one now! I'll see if this railroad company allows a lady to be pushed away from a window when she is asking a civil question. Here, Mr. Official, I want to speak to you! I know that he heard me, and he need n't rush out that door as if he did n't! I'll find another one and see about this at once! Things have come to a pretty pass when a lady can't ask a simple question or two without being pushed away from a window by an individual who styles himself a gentleman, indeed! Humph! Great gentlemen in the world now-a-days!"

Merrick Mansfield.





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WISE OLD SOC.

As he was just about to toss it down, a thought occurred to Socrates.

"Is this Hemlock dope guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act?" he inquired.

For, besides being a philosopher, Socrates was always particular about his poison.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



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Why shouldn't you?

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By Merle Johnson.

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ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK TO THE STATION.

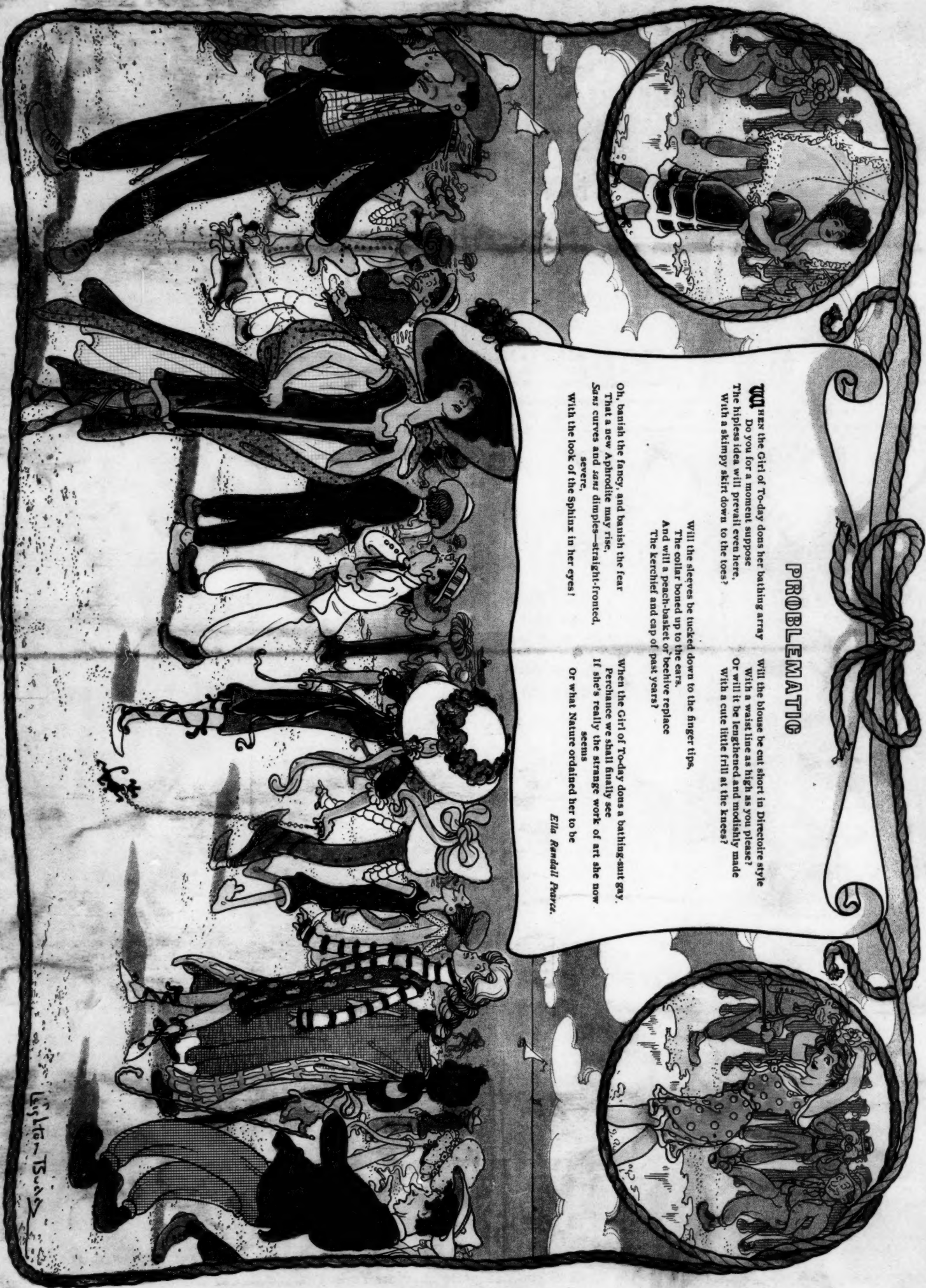
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PROBLEMATIC

When the Girl of To-day dons her bathing array
Do you for a moment suppose
The hipless idea will prevail even here,
With a skimpy skirt down to the toes?

Will the sleeves be tucked down to the finger tips,
The collar boned up to the ears,
And will a peach-basket or beehive replace
The kerchief and cap of past years?

Oh, banish the fancy, and banish the fear
That a new Aphrodite may rise,
Sans curves and sans dimples—straight-fronted,
severe,
With the look of the Sphinx in her eyes!

Will the blouse be cut short in Directorate style
With a waist line as high as you please?
Or will it be lengthened and modestly made
With a cute little frill at the knees?

When the Girl of To-day dons a bathing-suit gay,
Perchance we shall finally see
If she's really the strange work of art she now
seems

Or what Nature ordained her to be
Ellis Randall Parviz.

Lighter Tones